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THE
VILLAGE CURATE,
OR,
AS YOU LIKE IT.

"The good, for Virtue's sake, abhor to sin."
CREECH.

At an age when the human mind is most susceptible of, and too often imbibes, a passion for voluptuous pleasure; ere yet experience her sage precepts had impressed, Lord Belfont inherited a splendid fortune. His levees were crowded with the most fashionable part of the world: the voice of flattery incessantly sung his praise, and bestowed on him every virtue that could ennoble man. His rank in life, and extensive fortune, introduced him into the first families in England; and overtures of marriage were made to him by the parents and guardians of the greatest beauties of the age; but Belfont, though not insensible to the charms of beauty, was not yet become the vassal of their power.

The attention which he invariably received from the whole circle of his acquaintance, it might reasonably be supposed, was very acceptable to the inexperienced Belfont; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, and ignorance of men and manners, he suspected the sincerity of those encomiums which flattery bestowed on him; and the

pliant voice of adulation had made little impression on his mind.

At once to prove the integrity of his professed friends, he carefully spread a report that, by one imprudent step, he had precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount, into the barren vale of poverty. Swift as wild-fire ran the evil tale; and those very doors which, as it were by magic, opened at the approach of the rich and happy Belfont, were now barred against the ruined spendthrift.

To give his distress an air of certainty he made several applications for assistance to his once vowed eternal friends, which were invariably treated with a mortifying contempt. To the fair rivals of his affections he addressed his tale of sorrow: here, too, neglect was his fate. Belfont, dispossessed of the means to gratify their fondness for dress, amusement and pleasure, was an object no longer worthy of their regard.

Reflecting on these events, he exclaimed—"How wretched are the children of fortune! The poor man, in his hour of distress, finds a friend; but the rich, when he ceases to be so, is disregarded by those whom his former bounty fed; and who have not charity enough to give to his misfortunes, even the costless sight of pity!"

In the midst of his contemplations, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of Lord Bremere, who

returning from a country excursion, had just heard of his friend's misfortunes, and hasted to relieve his necessities. As he approached, Belfont, rising from his chair, ran to meet him. "It is some consolation," said he, "for the disappointments I have experienced, to find the man whom I most valued, not unworthy the esteem I bore him. This," continued he, "more than recompenses the ingratitude of those mercenary wretches, who cannot recollect the features of their friend when shaded by the veil of affected distress."

The conclusion of Belfont's address forcibly struck Lord Bremere, who repeated the words—"affected distress!"—Adding, with much surprise—"Are, then, your misfortunes bred of the idle tattle of the town?"

"No, my lord," returned Belfont; "not from those contemptible beings, who eagerly busy themselves with every body's affairs, while they neglect their own, and who are only industrious in the propagation of scandal; but from myself arose the tale of my distress. I invented it, merely to prove the sincerity of those protestations of eternal friendship, which, every day, the syren, Flattery, whispered in my ear; and which, to speak the truth, were become most intolerably disgusting. Among my female friends," he continued, "a lady on whom I looked with partial eyes, and who, in fact, had made some faint impression on my heart, had the cruelty to smile at my distress: but I thank her for her contempt; it has broke asunder those chains her beauty had forged to hold my heart in bondage."

And what does your lordship mean to make of this discovery?" enquired Bremere.

"My resolutions, Charles," returned Belfont, "and your ideas, I will venture to say, are of an opposite nature. You, perhaps, imagine that I shall return to the fashionable world, refute the opinion it entertains of my distress, and reproach it for its ingratitude!"

"What else can you possibly propose?" asked Bremere.

"Convinced of your lordship's integ-

rity," replied Belfont, "I shall not hesitate to repose in your breast the secret of my resolves. The sudden death of my uncle," continued he, "has given me an ample fortune; the enjoyment of which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, ensures the constant possession of happiness. Alas! how mistaken such a notion! It is true, my every wish is gratified but one. You smile, Charles, and already anticipate that yet unaccomplished wish.—Yes, my friend, the society of a virtuous female, whose bosom is awake to the soft touches of humanity, and who will not, to the offspring of distress, refuse the tributary sigh of pity, nor from the needy sufferer withhold the sacred boon of charity, is what I am now in search of. In the higher circles of life," added he, "my pursuit has proved abortive; and, assuming the appearance of the rustic cottager, I mean to seek it in humbler scenes!"

It was in vain that Lord Bremere endeavoured to dissuade his friend from his purpose. Belfont remained inflexible to all his entreaties; and, having drawn from his friend an assurance of inviolable secrecy, they parted; Bremere, to the haunts of giddy fashion; Belfont, to prepare for his visit to those of rural felicity.

After a short repast, Belfont, leaving directions with his steward for the management of the family in his absence, retired to rest; and, at an early hour, while the sons of riot and dissipation were returning from their nocturnal revels, he left his splendid mansion, and in the humble garb of a peasant, with a few necessities tied up in a handkerchief, began his retreat from the metropolis. His name and title were only known in Grosvenor Square: at present, he contented himself with the less dignified appellation of George Trueman; and all traces of Lord Belfont were for a time vanished.

Having continued his walk for near three hours, he found himself somewhat fatigued, when an inn, opportunely presenting itself to view, afforded him an opportunity of resting his weary limbs,

and satisfying the cravings of nature, which exercise had rendered more than commonly acute. The obsequious host soon furnished him with an excellent breakfast; which having finished, he mounted the Norwich stage, that had arrived during his repast, and at the close of the day, found himself in that city.

Meanwhile, Lord Bremere, mixing with the circle of Belfont's late acquaintance, heard with silent indignation, the illiberal and unjust reflections that were cast on the supposed misconduct of his friend.

The impertinent enquiries with which his ears were assailed, from all who knew him in the habits of friendship with Belfont, were almost too much for his temper to bear with composure; and he was often on the point of violating the promise of secrecy his friend had extorted from him, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of slander.

Seated, one evening, in a box at Drury Lane Theatre, he was seen by Lady Caroline Blandish, from the opposite side of the house; who, *sans ceremonie*, immediately came round to him.—“So my lord,” said she, entering the box, “what is become of your friend Belfont? Have you seen him lately? How does he bear his misfortunes?—I am really sorry for the unfortunate youth!”

“My friend,” replied Bremere, “is infinitely obliged to your ladyship for the concern you take in his distress!”

“Why, you know, my lord,” returned Lady Caroline, “one can't help being concerned for the distresses of those who were of one's acquaintance. I confess,” continued she, “the news of his ruin astonished me prodigiously; and, I assure you, I felt myself extremely hurt at it; for his lordship had paid me much attention, and I began to think I had made a conquest. It is, however,” added she, “very fortunate that the affair ended as it did; for, you know, it would have been a shocking thing to have involved one's self in such difficulties.”

“True, madam!” replied Bremere, who, by her ladyship's discourse, found

she was the person to whom Belfont alluded, as having attracted his particular notice; “but after all, whatever diminution the fortune of Lord Belfont has received, be assured, it is still sufficient to support the woman whom he shall honour with his hand, in a style of elegance that might soothe the most extensive vanity!” And, without waiting her ladyship's reply, bowed, and wished her good-night; disgusted with the affected concern she expressed for his friend's imaginary distress, which was but ill calculated to conceal the spirit of malevolence that rankled in her bosom.

Lady Caroline stood for some minutes after Bremere's departure, in a fixed astonishment: she knew not what construction to put upon his words; but after a short consideration, she concluded what he had said, was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to enforce the opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas, she rejoined her company; and, in discoursing on other topics, Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now, gentle reader, let us banish from our thoughts the giddy Lady Caroline, and attend the steps of Belfont, whom hereafter, if you please, unless it shall be found necessary to use his real name, we will distinguish by that of Trueman. Having spent a few days at Norwich, in examining those objects most worthy the notice of a traveller, he left that city, and continued his excursion, till he found himself, for the first time, on his own estates, in the midst of his tenantry.

Totally unknown to his tenants, and equally so to his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuse which the latter committed. It was near sun-set when he arrived at a pleasant village, on the borders of the sea, which contained what is there called an inn. Here he took up his quarters. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over

their evening *gotch of nog*,* joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the attention of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and, fatigued as he was by his day's walk, he determined, before he slept, to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man, of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. When the company retired, he invited the landlord to partake of his beverage; who, being a communicative sort of person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition, readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

"I will tell you, Sir," said he, "the story of Parson Bentley. You must know, Sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living, which is in the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman who lives in the west; and, though it brings him in good three hundred pounds a year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and sixty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say; while the servant, who does every thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum: and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm, which, by the death of one of his neighbours, became vacant. But, I don't know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day-labourer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they cou'dn't, as the saying is, bring both ends together; and, to make short of the matter, my lord's steward seized on his stock, which not being

sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the county goal."

"And his family," asked Trueman, "what are become of them?"

"His wife and four children," returned the landlord, "three fine boys, from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a crabbed sort of fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the workhouse. But no, says I, 'hold neighbor Bruin! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry,—and you must know, sir, said he, with a significant nod, I am pretty warm—they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison! for what,' says I, 'is your workhouse but a dungeon, where the poor eat little, and labour hard?'—'But sir,' continued the landlord, 'not only I, but the whole village was against their going there; and the inhabitants all cheerfully spare a little towards the family's support: nay, even the labouring cottager, out of his hard earnings, throws in his mite!'"

"And what," enquired Trueman, "is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined?"

"The whole debt," replied the landlord, "I am told is about three hundred pounds; a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of our parish to raise without injuring themselves; or, depend upon it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law."

(To be continued.)

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, Surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

(Concluded.)

EVER since I had enjoyed an occasional communication with Napoleon, I never ceased to be animated with a strong and curious desire, to learn his opinion of our renowned commander. I had repeatedly heard

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called *gotthes*; and their strong beer is known by the name of *nog*.

that he did not withhold it, but I could never ascertain the fact on any certain authority. The present moment appeared to afford me the opportunity which I had so anxiously sought; as he seemed to be in a temper of more than usual communication and courtesy, though I have never had reason to complain of either. At all hazards, I therefore resolved to make the trial; as it might be the only opportunity I should ever possess.—"The people of England," I said, "appear to feel an interest in knowing your sentiments respecting the military character of the duke of Wellington. They have no doubt that you would be just; and, perhaps, they may indulge the expectation that your justice would produce an eulogium of which the duke of Wellington might be proud." Silence ensued: I began to think that I might have gone rather too far; for it is most true, that I had never before addressed him without looking full in his face for a reply, but my eyes dropped at the pause, and no reply was made. This, however, was the second question I had ever asked which remained a moment unanswered.

At the same time, he did not appear to be in the least displeased; as in a few minutes he renewed the conversation with this enquiry. "You mentioned a Review—what does it contain?" "Criticisms on new publications as they appear; and this number observes upon three publications that relate to you: one in particular, said to be by a lieutenant of the *Bellerophon*." "What could he find on my subject to work up into a book?"—"I am almost ashamed, general, to repeat to you the trash these publications contain: indeed, it surprised me, that so respectable a work as this review should condescend to notice them, and quote such silly falsehoods; nor can it be accounted for in any other way, than a desire to gratify the public impatience to be informed of every thing and any thing that may relate to you. It contains, among other misinformations, accounts of your conduct and demeanour while you resided at the *Briars*. You will judge of the ingenuity of its inventions when I add, that he mentions your being angry with one of the little girls, because she was ignorant of your coin, the *Napoleon*. You are also represented, on the same authority, as having been in a great rage with one of her brothers, for having shown you the picture of the great Mogul on a pack of cards. Nay, sir, Monsieur De las Cases does not escape: for he is sent to the side-board to play at *Patience*, until the new pack would deal with more facility."—"Your editors," said Napoleon, "are infinitely amusing; but is it to be supposed that they believe what they write?" "At least, sir, I presume, that they hope to amuse those

who read. There is, however, another work, which, from its apparent authenticity, has been received with attention. It is written by a Frenchman, the abbe Pradt." I was now perfectly confounded by a general, and, as it appeared, an involuntary laugh; with an exclamation of "O, the abbe!"—It appears that this personage was the very humblest of the most humble adulators of Napoleon: he had been in a low situation in the police, but possessed qualities that are favourable to advancement in such times as those in which he lived. "He had both cunning and humour," said Napoleon, "and I took him with me when I went to Spain; and, as I had to wage war with monasteries, I found the abbe a phalanx against the dominion of priests. De las Cases," he added, "will give you fifty entertaining anecdotes of the abbe. Can you tell me what is become of him?"—"I really have not heard. He also gives a description of your return to Warsaw after the disasters in Russia; which I doubt not, would amuse you. He describes a tall figure entering his hotel wrapped in fur, more resembling a being of the other world than any thing earthly.—It was Caulincourt. He says, likewise, you were concealed at the English hotel, where he procured you some excellent wine. This review, however, does not spare the abbe, who declares that the subjugation of Russia was inevitable, had it not been for the sagacity of one man: 'And pray,' says the Reviewer, 'who is this man?—Why no less a personage than the abbe Pradt, who would have it thought that by his roguery he outwitted his master.'" Napoleon does not often laugh; but the story, or the idea of the abbe, or perhaps both, brought his risible faculties into complete exertion.

Unroll your map of Flanders, my friend; display it in due form on your table, and follow me, if you can. I was this morning curiously gratified by a military description of the various movements of the French army, on Napoleon's Chart, from the day it passed the Sambre to the eventful battle of Waterloo. I naturally expected, as you may suppose, a detail of those various circumstances by which it was lost, or, which amounts to the same thing,—The *why* and the *wherefore* it was not gained. My conjecture was not ill-founded, for Gourgond proceeded to point out to me the errors which were committed by some of the principal commanders in the French army, which proved so fatal to the last great effort of their imperial master: These he traced with a readiness and perspicuity which induced me to imagine, at the time, that I clearly comprehended the whole. Nevertheless, I have my doubts, whether I shall make the errors of these

blundering captains as clear to you, as they were, in my fancy, made apparent to me.

Napoleon, it seems, was completely ignorant of the movement made from Frasnes, by count Ereion (Drouet,) on the 16th. For when he appeared near *Ligny*, Napoleon actually deployed a column of French to oppose him, mistaking his force at the time, for a division of the Prussian army. Ereion was now made acquainted with the defeat of the Prussians; and, without thinking it necessary to have any communication with Napoleon, as to future operations, returned to his original position. That division of the army, therefore, became totally useless for that day both to the emperor and to marshal Ney Grouchy, losing sight of Blucher, and taking the circuitous route which he pursued, was represented as having committed a most fatal error. While the right wing of the French, in the battle of the 18th was engaged in defeating the flank movement of Bulow, of which they were perfectly apprised, marshal Ney had orders to engage the attention of the English during this part of the action; but by no means to hazard the loss of his troops, or to exhaust their strength. Ney, it appears, did not obey the order, or met with circumstances that rendered it impracticable for him to adhere to it. He was stated to have contended for the occupation of a height, and thus weakened his corps, so that when the imperial guards were brought to the charge, he was unable to assist them. I understood that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre with 111,000 men. In the battles of *Ligny* and *Quatre Bras* he lost 10,000. Grouchy's division consisted of 30,000 detached to follow Blucher, leaving an effective force, on the morning of the 18th, of 71,000. I hope you will comprehend my account, which I think was the purport of general Gourgon's statement to me; though I do not know any two characters more liable to a small share of perplexity, than a sailor describing a terra firma battle; and a soldier entering into the particulars of a naval engagement. But, by way of climax, I was assured that the report of Bonaparte's standing on an elevated wooden frame to obtain a commanding view of the field of battle, is altogether a misrepresentation.—It was, on the contrary, a raised mound of earth, where he placed himself with his staff; and the ground, being sloppy and slippery, he ordered some trusses of straw to be placed under his feet to keep them dry, and prevent his sliding.

This was the last visit I paid to Napoleon: and when I took my leave of him, he rose from his chair, and said, "I wish you health and happiness, and a safe voyage to your country, where I hope you will find your friends in health and ready to receive you."

I had been uniformly treated with such respectful kindness, and, in some degree, with such partial confidence, by general Bertrand, Mons. De las Cases, and, indeed, by every one of the suit, that I could not take my leave of them without a considerable degree of sensibility. A more amiable, united, and delightful family than that of general Bertrand I never yet saw: nor is his affection as a husband, and his fondness as a father, less striking than his fidelity to his master.

And here I conclude my narrative.—If any other little matters should occur to my recollection, I can make a kind of postscript of them. I am, &c &c W W.

DISEASED IMAGINATION.

The power of a diseased imagination, over the body, or as it is scientifically called, hallucination, was never perhaps more strongly verified than in the case of that dissolute young nobleman, and extraordinary genius, the younger Littleton. The story is well known to most of our readers. He, one night saw in a dream a young lady, who told him that on a certain Saturday evening, at 10 o'clock, he certainly would die: this he related to some of his intimate acquaintance, and invited a number of them to pass the appointed evening with him and witness the falsehood of the prediction. They did so; the evening came, he endeavoured to make himself merry as the hour approached, but it had fastened on his imagination with a firmer hold than he was aware of; just before 10, he complained of being indisposed, proposed to retire, and died in the act of getting into bed. A clergyman who then lived near Hagley, told the writer of this, that a Doctor Johnson, of whom Littleton speaks in very high terms in one of his letters, as a physician in his neighborhood, told him, that had he been sent for in season, he could have saved him. The Quarterly Review of last November, contains the following striking instance.—*Ev. Post.*

"One of the most striking instances of the amazing influence which the imagination possesses, not over the feelings merely, but upon the actual state and functions of the bodily organization, is related by professor Hufeland; this

case is so interesting, and, we may add, so instructive, that we are tempted, notwithstanding its length, to lay it before our readers.

"A student at Jena, about 16 years of age, having a weak and irritable nervous frame, but in other respects healthy, left his apartments during twilight, and suddenly returned with a pale dismal countenance, assuring his companion that he was doomed to die in thirty-six hours, or at nine o'clock in the morning of the second day.—This sudden change of a cheerful young mind, naturally alarmed his friend; but no explanation was given of its cause. Every attempt at ridiculing this whimsical notion was fruitless; and he persisted in affirming that his death was certain and inevitable. A numerous circle of his fellow-students soon assembled, with a view to dispel those gloomy ideas, and to convince him of his folly, by arguments, satire and mirth. He remained, however, unshaken in his strange conviction; being apparently inanimate in their company, and expressing his indignation at the frolics and witticisms applied to his peculiar situation. Nevertheless, it was conjectured that a calm repose during the night would produce a more favourable change in his fancy; but sleep was banished, and the approaching dissolution engrossed his attention during the nocturnal hours. Early next morning, he sent for professor Hufeland, who found him employed in making arrangements for his burial; taking an affectionate leave of his friends; and on the point of concluding a letter to his father; in which he announced the fatal catastrophe that was speedily to happen. After examining his condition of mind and body, the professor could discover no remarkable deviation from his usual state of health, excepting a small contracted pulse, a pale countenance, dull or drowsy eyes, and cold extremities: these symptoms, however, sufficiently indicated a general spasmodic action of the nervous system, which also exerted its influence over the mental faculties. The most serious reasoning on the subject, and all the philo-

sophical and medical eloquence of Dr. Hufeland, had not the desired effect: and though the student admitted that there might be no ostensible cause of death discoverable, yet this very circumstance was peculiar to his case; and such was his inexorable destiny, that he must die next morning, without any visible morbid symptoms. In this dilemma, Dr. Hufeland proposed to treat him as a patient. Politeness induced the latter to accept of such an offer, but he assured the physician that medicines would not operate. As no time was to be lost, there being only twenty-four hours left for his life, Dr. Hufeland deemed proper to direct such remedies as prove powerful excitants, in order to rouse the vital energy of his pupil, and to relieve him from his captivated fancy.—Hence he prescribed a strong emetic and purgative; ordered blisters to both calves of the legs, and at the same time stimulating clysters to be administered. Quietly submitting to the doctor's treatment, he observed, that his body being already half a corpse, all means of recovering it would be in vain. Indeed Dr. Hufeland was not a little surprised, on his repeating his visit in the evening, to learn that the emetic had but very little operated, and that the blisters had not even reddened the skin.—The case became more serious; and the supposed victim of death began to triumph over the incredulity of the professor and his friends. Thus circumstanced, Dr. Hufeland perceived, how deeply and destructively that mental spasm must have acted on the body, to produce a degree of insensibility from which the worst consequences might be apprehended. All the inquiries into the origin of this singular belief had hitherto been unsuccessful. Now only, he disclosed the secret to one of his intimate friends, namely, that on the preceding evening he had met with a white figure in the passage, which nodded to him, and, in the same moment, he heard a voice exclaiming—"The day after to-morrow, at nine o'clock in the morning, thou shalt die!"—He continued to settle his domestic affairs; made his will; min-

utely appointed his funeral; and even desired his friends to send for a clergyman:—which request, however was counteracted.—Night appeared—and he began to compute the hours he had to live, till the ominous next morning. His anxiety evidently increased with the striking of every clock within hearing. Dr. Hufeland was not without apprehension, when he recollected instances in which mere imagination had produced melancholy effects—but, as every thing depended on procrastinating, or retarding that hour in which the event was predicted; and on appeasing the tempest of a perturbed imagination, till reason had again obtained the ascendancy, he resolved upon the following expedient; Having a complaisant patient, who refused not to take the remedies prescribed for him, (because he seemed conscious of the superior agency of his mind over that of the body,) Dr. Hufeland had recourse to laudanum, combined with the extract of hen-bane: twenty drops of the former, and two grains of the latter, were given to the youth, with such an effect that he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till eleven o'clock on the next morning. Thus, the prognosticated fatal hour elapsed; and his friends waiting to welcome the bashful patient, who had agreeably disappointed them, turned the whole affair into ridicule.—The first question, however, after recovering from this artificial sleep, was—"what is the hour of the morning?"—On being informed that his presages had not been verified by experience, he assured the company that all these transactions appeared but a dream. After that time, he long enjoyed a good state of health, and was completely cured of a morbid imagination."

* Had this youth fallen into less sagacious hands, the event would, it is more than probable, have answered to the prediction; and the occurrence would have stood as irrefragable evidence of that creed which imagines that the times have not long since passed of individual and immediate communication between the world of sense and the world of

spirit. How the fancy originated, it is difficult to say; but it is not less difficult to explain, the phenomena of dreams.'

'In the Zoonomia, we meet with the following well authenticated tale, which has been versified by Mr. Wadsworth:

"A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken, and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a hay-stack, and at length an old woman, like a witch in a play, approached and began to pull up the hedge; he waited till she had tied her bundle of sticks, and was carrying them off, that he might convict her of the theft, and then springing from his concealment, he seized his prey with violent threats. After some altercation, in which her load was left upon the ground, she kneeled upon the bundle of sticks, and raising her arms to heaven, beneath the bright moon then at the full, spoke to the farmer, already shivering with cold, "Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be warm!" He complained of cold all the next day, and wore an upper coat, and in a few days, another, and in a fortnight, took to his bed, always saying nothing made him warm; he covered himself with very many blankets, and had a sieve over his face as he lay; and from this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years, for fear of the cold air, till at length he died."

'Sauvages relates a similar incident, upon the authority of Zacutus Lusitanus, of a melancholic who was always complaining of invincible cold, till he was subjected by artifice to a large quantity of spirits of wine in a state of combustion; he was convinced, from his sensations during this experiment, that he was capable of feeling heat, and thenceforth his cold left him. Dr. Hargrath, it will be in the recollection of many of our readers, operated very important changes in the bodily functions of several individuals who were, as they supposed, brought under the agency of Perkins' tractors, in reality merely acted upon by pieces of rotten wood, or

rusty iron!—under this supposition, however, several chronic maladies, which had refused to yield to medicine, were materially mitigated, and at least temporarily cured.'

Scraps relative to the inhabitants and manners of Hindostan.

Hindostan or India, on this side the Ganges, is peopled by various nations; the principal of which are the Hindoos, or ancient inhabitants, and the Moguls or Moors, descendants of the Tartars, who, under Tamerlane, in the year 1398, reduced their country to their dominion. The generality of the former are Pagans; the latter, together with many Hindoos, who after the country was conquered by Mahmood, A. D. 1000, were converted to Islamism, are Mahometans.

The Moguls are in complexion olive, and in features just like Europeans. The Hindoos who are by far the most numerous, (being as some say, one hundred to one) are dark brown, and some of them approaching to yellow. In the hot season, laboring Hindoo-men wear no other clothing but a piece of linen wrapped or tied round the waist. In cold weather, they throw a cotton cloth over their shoulders, in the morning and evening, which at noon often serves for a turban. The dress of the women is somewhat different, and is accompanied with many ornaments, such as necklaces, bands and rings. The men, who wear shoes, or rather slippers, take them off in the presence of superiors, as we do our hats.

The house of a Hindoo consists of four buildings, placed on the sides of a square, one of which is for the women, one for a cooking house, and one for the cow house and other menial uses. The size and materials differ. Some are of brick, but the greater part are built of mud, straw or mat. They have a ground floor, and are nothing better than wretched filthy hovels. The furniture is still worse than the houses.

The chief article of the Hindoo's food is rice; besides which they eat nothing

but vegetables and milk, their doctrine of transmigration forbidding the use of any thing that has had life. Their beverage is pure water. Notwithstanding this temperance, the span of human life is very short. They marry young, and few reach the summit of old age. The man who spends thirty years in Hindostan, will see two or three generations pass away.

As each family pursue the occupation of their ancestors, the artisans of every sort have attained to a surprising degree of ingenuity, and some of the merchants are very expert in trade. A few are intelligent, and those who have been brought up amongst Europeans, have acquired some scanty ideas of civility and general knowledge; but the bulk of the people, from Cape Comorin to Thibet, are far from being improved. The villagers even in the neighborhood of Calcutta, Dr. Buchanan informs us, are but little superior to the natives in the interior of Africa or back settlements of America.

Most of the people are poor, but some of the merchants are very rich. The immediate tenants of the soil, who are the husbandmen, are called ryots, and are generally poor. Among the Zemindars who are a higher order, the country is divided into large, but unequal, shares, sometimes comprehending whole districts or provinces. These nobles receive from the ryots a part of the proceeds of the lands, a portion of which they pay in their turn to the prince, who is considered the owner of the soil. Throughout a considerable proportion of the country the inhabitants of a village possess the lands in common. The crops are divided in the field after they are cut, what falls to the Zemindar and the priest set aside; the rest parcelled out according to fixed proportion, among the carpenter, the smith, the shoemaker, &c. whose respective callings pay services to the ryot and to each other.

The moral state of the Mahometans is deplorable, but that of the Hindoos is even worse. They who have had the best opportunity to know them, concur in affirming, that the Hindoos possess

neither charity, gratitude, honesty, nor honor. They have been called gentle—they are not, indeed, ferocious, like more vigorous nations; but their gentleness is apathy. They are indolent, timid, servile; they are vindictive and cruel to animals and to each other;—they are incontinent, avaricious, crafty; they are a nation of thieves and liars; and carry their system of treachery further, perhaps, than any other people

VARIETY.

PROGRESS

OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

Socrates learnt to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato at 80 thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work of the Characters of Men, at the extreme age of 90. He only terminated his literary labors by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself late to study; but by the acuteness of his genius, and continual application, he rivalled those poetic models he so much admired.

One John Gelida, a Spaniard, commenced the study of polite literature at 40.

Henry Spelman having neglected the Sciences in his youth, cultivated them at 50 years of age, and produced good fruit.

Fairfax, after having been General of the Parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Amusing and simple experiments in Galvinism.—Take any small bird, such as a linnet, whose life has been extinguished not more than two hours, place a small piece of silver in its mouth, and a small piece of zinc or gold in its tail; connect the two pieces with an iron wire, and the bird will immediately rise up, and expand its wings, and flutter round the room as if alive. Let a person apply a flattened piece of zinc to one of

the surfaces of his tongue, and a flattened piece of silver to the other surface, without either of the metals touching each other: but each of them provided with a long iron wire; and by passing the wires in a parallel direction through a door, behind which they are brought together and separated alternately: the person who makes the experiment ascertains by the taste he feels on the tongue, the situation of the extremity of each of the wires.

Porter drank out of a pewter or silver pot, placed upon a server of another metal, has a much stronger taste and richer flavor than when drank without the pot being placed upon a server. If the person who drinks previously, moistens his hands with salt and water, the strength and flavor of the liquor will be increased.

Tea drank out of China cups with gold rims has a richer flavor than tea drank out of cups without metallic rims.

A galvanic pile, or apparatus, may be constructed out of vegetables when metals cannot be procured; thus for example, three hundred slices of beat, and the same number of horse radish, placed alternately will form a pile as strong as fifty pieces of silver and fifty of zinc.

AN EXCELLENT SALVE FOR SORES AND CUTS.

Take one half pint of sweet oil, five ounces red led sifted fine, boil the same together till they turn black, then add 2 ounces rosin by small quantities at a time, to prevent its boiling over, add a tea-spoonful of Venice turpentine.—Pour it all in a vessel of cool water. Oil a board to work it on, roll it till it becomes smooth and hard, lay it on a board to dry in rolls. This salve is earnestly recommended to all mistresses of families, as the trouble and expense is trifling and they compensated should it heal only one sore on a child.

—*Com. Adv.*

LOVER'S TELEGRAPH.

We learn that a new system of signals has been introduced subservient to the affections of the heart and the obli-

gations of parties : For example, if a gentleman WANTS A WIFE he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand ; if he is engaged he wears it on the second finger ; if MARRIED on the third ; and on the fourth if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged she wears a hoop or diamond on the first finger ; if MARRIED on the third ; and on the fourth if she intends to DIE A MAIDEN. When a gentleman presents a flower, a fan or a trinet to a lady with the left hand, it is, on his part an overture of regard ; if she receives it with the left hand it is an acceptance of his esteem ; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed, and through the medium of the telegraph, kindred hearts communicate information.

NO CALUMNY.

A gentleman who was speaking of an ignorant coxcomb who always abused the ancients, calling Cicero a babler, and Demosthenes a dull fellow ; added, he could not bear such a block-head. "Mr. ——— has one good quality," observed a person in company ; "he never speaks ill of any of his acquaintance."

SAFE TRAVELLING.

It was related of a very careless author, that he was often seen walking in the streets with his manuscripts sticking out of his pocket. "Yes," replied a person in company, "that author is too well known ; nobody will steal any thing from him."

BOOKSELLERS' DRINKING CUPS.

An author, calling upon his bookseller one evening, was asked to stay to supper. A goblet being introduced made of a cocoa-nut shell, carved into the resemblance of a human head, attracted the notice of the guest, who admired it much.—"Pray," says Folio, don't be afraid to drink, Mr. What-d'ye call 'im ; it is not a skull."—"Why," rejoined the other, "I should not have wondered if it was, for you booksellers drink your wine out of our skulls."

ABOUT LOVE.

A gentleman one evening remarking of Dr. Johnson, that no subject failed of receiving dignity from the manner in which he treated it ; a lady observed that she would put him to the test, by making him talk about LOVE. She took her measures accordingly, and began by deriding the novels of the day, because they treated of love. "It is not," replied our philosopher "because they treat, as you call it, about LOVE, but because they treat of NOTHING, that they are despicable. We must not ridicule a passion, which he who never felt never was happy, and he who laughs at never deserves to feel—a passion which has caused the change of empires and the loss of worlds—a passion which has inspired heroism and subdued avarice."

ANECDOTE.

Not long since, two sailors passing by a tailor's shop, observed a tailor at work with his coat off, and the back of his waistcoat being patched with different colours of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke on him. When one of the tars cried out to the other, 'Look ye, Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of Cabbage grow on one Stump before.'

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with won'drous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd
to gold.

Thus modern statesmen can reverse with ease,

Touch *them* with gold, they'll turn to what
you please.

The benevolence of an humble mind, may be compared to a rivulet in a meadow, which, though it glides along unseen and without noise, refreshes and fertilizes the soil, leaving it to display the benefit received, by its increased verdure and fruitfulness.

It is the nature of pride to expose what is likely to increase its own reputation, and conceal its defects ; but true humility is willing to appear what it is, and is more afraid of being over than under-rated.

Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

—
TO L—

En quelqu' endroit que le ciel me conduise,
Soyez certain de ma sincerite
Mais si j'apprends qu'un autre vous captive,
Votre prison sera ma liberte.

Translation.

While thou art true my fair, where'er I
roam,
My heart shall sigh alone for thee,
But if another's conquest you become,
Thy capture, Delia, sets me free.

CHARLES.

—
For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

How happy the farmer who toils through
the day,
And dismisses his cares with the sun's part-
ing ray;
The cares of the great never mar his repose;
But with peace and contentment his heart
overflows.

The lark's lively carol awakes him at morn,
Or the robin that sings from the sweet
blooming thorn:
He goes to his toil with a heart full of glee—
Of all nature's sons none so happy as he.

And when day's bright orb has declin'd to
the west,
And night's murky shades bid him go to his
rest,
He repairs to his cot, where contentment
resides,
And hails the blest scene where his happi-
ness 'bides.

His spouse with sweet smiles gently wel-
comes him home;
His prattlers rejoice when they see their
sire come;
He eats of the bread which his hands have
prepar'd:
Of peace and industry the plenteous reward.

Thus his days sweetly pass as old time rolls
away,
Till his spirit must leave its frail cottage of
clay:

He cheerly submits to the general doom,
And with a pure conscience descends to the
tomb.

Durham, N. F.

A. STRONG.

MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS.

Two ears at a time are too many for use,
When they're only the inlets of strife;
But few there are found, who, tho' wise,
would refuse,

To possess those fair organs of life.

Yet deafness sometimes of advantage is
found.

Misfortunes may turn to a blessing;
For when nonsense distracts, or fell tumults
surround,

They then lose the pow'r of distressing.

Hence I wisely am taught to be deaf of one
ear,

While the other for use I employ;
One gate I shut up against sorrow and care,
And the other keep open for joy.

When my consort begins her loud windpipe
to clear,

With a peal that would rend oaks asunder,
Serenely I sit and cock my deaf ear,
Unmov'd 'midst the noise of her thunder.

T'other day comes a dun—with *good sir, you
well know.*

"What say you?—speak louder a little,"
*You know sir you borrow'd, three twel/ve-months
ago—*

"Alas! friend, I can't hear a tittle."

*You owe me ten pounds—*then louder he cries,
And repeats it as loud as he can;
I point to my ears, and I lift up my eyes,
'Till he hardly can think me the man.

I as grave as a Don, "My hearing's quite
lost;"—

*And my money, says he, too I fear:
Pox on him! 'tis folly to talk to a post,
So he leaves me as mad as a bear.*

Thus my life, night and day, in soft indo-
lence flows,

Scolding, dunning, nor brawling I fear:
Ye married men all, as ye wish for repose,
Be sure you be deaf of one ear.

THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

A REAL MADAGASCAR SONG.

WHY shrink'st thou, weak girl? why this
coward despair?

Thy tears and thy struggles are vain:
Oppose me no more; of my curses beware!
Thy terrors and grief I disdain.

The mother was dragging her daughter
away,

To the white man, alas! to be sold;
"Oh, spare me!" she cried, "sure thou
would'st not betray
The child of thy bosom for gold?

The pledge of thy love, I first taught thee to
know

A mother's affection and fears.
What crime has deserv'd thou should'st only
bestow
Dishonour, and bondage, and tears?

It tenderly soothe every sorrow and care;
To ease thee, unwearied I toil;
The fish of the stream by my wiles I in-
snare;
The meads of their flowers despoil.

From the bleak wintry blast I have shelter'd
thy head;
Oft bore thee with zeal to the shade;
Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft leafy
bed;
The mosquito oft chas'd from the glade.

Who'll cherish thy age, when from thee I
am torn?
Gold ne'er buys affection like mine!
Thou'lt bow to the earth, while despairing
I mourn,
Not my sorrow or hardships, but thine.

Then sell me not; save me from anguish
and shame!
No child thou hast, mother, but me!
Oh! do not too rashly abjure the dear claim;
My bosom most trembles for thee."

In vain she implor'd—wretched maid! she
was sold;
To the ship, chain'd and frantic, convey'd;
Her parent and country ne'er more to
behold,
By a merciless mother betray'd.

SONG.

SET TO MUSIC, AND SUNG TO THE HARP,
AT OUR THEATRE, BY THE INTEREST-
ING MISS JOHNSON, LATELY ARRIVED
FROM ENGLAND.

"ON Caledonia's hills the ruddy morn
Breathes fresh: the huntsman winds his
clamorous horn.

The youthful minstrel from his pallet
springs,
Seizes his harp, and tunes its slumbering
strings.

Lark-like he mounts o'er gray rocks, thun-
der riven,

Lark-like he cleaves the white mist, tem-
pest driven,

And lark-like carols, as the cliff he climbs,
Whose Oaks were vocal with his earliest
rhymes.

With airy foot he treads that giddy height;
His heart all rapture, and his eyes all light;
His voice all melody, his yellow hair
Floating and dancing in the mountain air,"
"Then plays a mournful prelude, while the
star

Of morning fades: but when heaven's gates
unbar,

And on the world a tide of glory rushes,
Burns on the hill, and down the valley
blushes:

The mountain-bard in livelier numbers sings,
While sun-beams warm and gild the con-
scious strings,

And his young bosom feels the enchantment
strong,

Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy, and
song."

From the Exeter Watchman.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEASONS.

A RHAPSODY.

WHAT music fills the evening air,

From Summer skies when day retires?
Wander some fairy spirits there,

And strike their little emerald lyres?

Well might the passing shepherd tell,

So clear the trembling notes arose,

That seraphs woke the chorded shell

To lull the zephyr to repose.

In closing Autumn's pensive hour,

The spirit of the fading year

Still sadly haunts her golden bower,
 And murmurs through her valleys drear.
 And there it seem'd as rose the strain,
 As tho' some stainless soul had fled,
 While viewless seraphs thrill'd again
 The plaintive "Music of the dead."

Lo! winter's giant spectre strides
 In darkness o'er the midnight heath;
 High on the gathering storm he rides;
 The cloud-rob'd minister of death!
 Loud on the lyre his breezes roll,
 And loud the echoing chords reply,
 Breathe in chill pauses on the soul,
 And far in distant murmurs die.

Hark! through the crystal gates of morn,
 What strain winds gently on the gale,
 And pours, on wildest echo borne,
 A milder beauty o'er the vale!
 That note has charm'd the shepherd's ear,
 And, as the full-toned numbers ring,
 He stays awhile his flock, to hear
 The cheerfull melody of spring.

And could you roam in darkness here,
 And list that music so divine,
 Nor sigh for heaven's eternal year,
 Or wish its endless spring were thine?
 No: for they told of brighter day,
 Those deep, celestial notes of love;
 Notes, which unearthly organs play,
 In ceaseless harmony, above!

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1817.

Intelligence.

The President of the United States, during his stay here, having visited all the military posts, in and about this city—and at West-Point, and received the most respectful honors and compliments from our civil, military, and scientific institutions, departed yesterday morning, with his suite, in the steam boat Connecticut, for New Haven, on his way Eastward.

On the President's induction to the institution of the Literary and Philosophical Society in this city, Governor

Clinton, the president, addressed him as follows:

"Sir—As it has been the usage of this society, to enrol among its members, such characters as are distinguished for their virtues, their intellectual powers, and their literary attainments, it affords me great pleasure to inform you that you have been unanimously admitted an honorary member—the highest honor in our power to bestow—and it is peculiarly gratifying to find that on this occasion the honor which is conferred is reflected on the Institution.

"Viewing, in the course of your past life, the certain pledge of an able and patriotic administration, we are fully persuaded that you will always keep steadily in view the great interest of literature and science, as inseparably identified with the honor, the glory and the prosperity of our country."

To which the President made an extempore reply; as nearly as can be remembered, in the following language:

"Sir—I cannot express the sensibility I feel upon this occasion.

"The high honor thus unanimously conferred, by the members of this respectable institution, will ever be cherished by me with grateful recollection; nor can I be insensible to the flattering manner in which you, sir, have communicated this expression of their kindness.

"I beg leave to assure you, and the members of this association, that as far as my influence may extend, it shall be exerted in promoting the interests of science and literature, as among the most efficient means of preserving the integrity of our republican form of government, and the honor of our country."

Rage for foreign intelligence.—The anxiety of our countrymen to look across the Atlantic for intelligence, is such that the most insignificant article, provided it is extracted from a London newspaper, will be read with avidity. Thus, in the absence of better intelligence, we may peruse the account of a Gretna Green marriage, or a man suspended by the neck for taking the pro-

perty of another without his consent. Such intelligence, as delectable as it may be to some newsmongers, who think a criminal execution a good apology for the want of a battle, or the conflagration of a city, does not present a very favorable specimen of American taste.—Undoubtedly there are thieves, murderers, and pick-pockets in England, or there would have been no article in the criminal code of that country imposing penalties for crimes of this class. There are likewise gamblers, swindlers and knaves, of all ranks and sizes in that country, who are made likewise the subjects of criminal justice; in short, we may be here treated with a view of corrupt nature in all its charming varieties. But the question is, with what possible view are these articles so pompously detailed in American papers? Does a man who has become so notorious by infamy in the country where he resides, that he is denied the common benefit of dying in his bed, become an object of sufficient importance to have his name resounded in our newspapers from one end of this continent to the other? Whenever we read of extraordinary instances of philanthropy, such as that afforded by Richard Reynolds, for instance, there seems some propriety in promulgating the fact at the distance of three thousand miles. Such examples are worthy of being inscribed on the solar orb, that they might be read in dazzling characters wherever that glorious luminary diffuses his beams. Man feels himself elevated by participating in the common nature of such a philanthropist. Here the press asserts her proper dignity by dragging such coy merit from the crimson shades of its own modesty, before the full beams of the sun. Thousands and thousands of hearts are warmed by the spectacle of such virtue. In the same column of a newspaper which announces this fact, perhaps may be seen an account of some petty thief,—some miserable nimble fingered pick-pocket dangling from a gibbet, the victim of insulted justice. Now to what purpose is this fact detailed to the ears of Americans? The thief has paid the penalty

of his crime, and let the shadows of oblivion rest upon his ashes—If it is necessary that our papers should become mere Newgate calenders, we have thieves enough at home of native manufacture sufficient to occupy our pages for a long time to come.—We need only search our jails, and we shall find these hidden treasures in abundance. In short, such is the rage to know what is passing in the world three thousand miles distant from us, that even the pillory, or a cat-o'-nine tails becomes interesting, when we can hear of nothing else.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Milnor, Mr. R. C. Barfe, merchant, to Miss Phebe Roe, daughter of the late rev. Dr. Roe, of Woodbridge, N. J.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Michael Phyfe, to Miss Jane Halliday, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Judd, at Westchester, Duncan Pearsall Campbell, esq. to Miss Maria Bayard.

Mr John Solomon, late of London, to Miss Julia Levy, daughter of Mr. Simeon Levy, of this city.

By the right rev. bishop Hobart, Robert T. Boggs, esq. of New-Brunswick, N. J. to Mrs Stewart of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Borck, Mr. Charles Phillips, to Miss Sarah Parsells, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Blachford, Mr. John M'Intyre, to Miss Jane Agnew, both of this city.

At Huntington, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Earle, Mr. Henry Fleet of Oyster Bay, to Miss Mary H. Van Wyck, daughter of Mr. Abraham Van Wyck, of the former place.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 43 persons in this City, during the week ending on the 14th inst.

DIED,

Mrs. Mary, wife of A. H. Koster, aged 47. James M'Evers, esq.

Mr. David Taylor, aged 27.

At Philadelphia, in the 73d year of his age, Ebenezer Hazard, formerly Post Master General of the United States.

USEFUL.

RECOVERING THE DROWNED:

The following directions have been published by the Dublin Humane Society:

"What thou doest, do quickly."

1. Convey the body carefully, with the head a little raised to the nearest convenient house.

2. Strip and dry the body; clean the mouth and nostrils.

3. And adult: lay the body on a bed or a blanket near a fire or in a warm chamber; if in summer, expose it to the sun.

4. A child; place it between two persons in a warm bed.

5. Rub the body gently with *flannel*, sprinkled with spirits.

6. Restore breathing by introducing the pipe of a bellows (where the apparatus can be immediately procured) into *one* nostril, keeping the *other* and the mouth closed, gently *inflate the lungs*, alternately compress the breast, and then let the mouth and nostrils free.

7. Apply warm bricks to the soles of the feet, and warm spirits to the palms of the hands and the pit of the stomach.

8. Persist in these means for *three hours* at least, or until life be restored.

CAUTIONS.

1. Never to be held up by the heels.

2. Not to be rolled on casks or other rough usage.

3. Not to allow in the room more than six persons.

4. Not to rub the body with salt.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

On signs of returning life and if swallowed be returned, a small quantity, often repeated, of warm wine and water, or diluted spirits, should be given, the patient put into a warm bed, and, if disposed, allowed to sleep.

Electricity and bleeding are never to be employed, unless by the direction of a medical gentleman.

Argument is allowable in cases of doubt; but it should never for a moment be indulged against our own convictions.

The following beautiful effusion on **FILIAL PIETY**, was delivered by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. in his speech before the High Court of Parliament of England, on the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. late Governor General of Bengal, for high crimes and misdemeanors, and on that particular article which charges him with compelling the Nabob of Oude to seize by force on the revenues and treasures of the two Begums (or Princesses) of Oude, the one his mother, the other his grandmother.

"**FILIAL PIETY!** it is the primal bond of society! it is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man! It *now* quivers on every lip! It *now* beams from every eye!—it is that debt of gratitude which softening under the sense of recollected good is eager to own the vast, the countless debt it ne'er alas! can pay—for so many long years of unceasing solicitude, honourable self denials, life preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love!—it asks no aids of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule—few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature---not only the duty, but the indulgence of man---it is his first great privilege, it is amongst his last most endearing delights!--when the bosom glows with the idea of reverberated love---when to requite on the visitations of nature and return the blessings that have been received!--when what was emotion fixed into vital principle---what was instinct habituated into a master-passion---sways all the sweet energies of man---hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away---aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life---to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age---explore the thro'ts---explain the aching eye.

THE MUSEUM

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BY JAMES ORAM,

At Four Dollars per Annum.